



MONDAY, JANUARY 13, 1919

## Fairy Tales Of To-Morrow

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

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**BEAUTY AND THE BOLSHEVISTS—No. III.**

ONCE upon a time there lived in a nearby country a merchant who had been so successful in all his undertakings that he had grown enormously rich.

But one day a most unexpected misfortune befell him. For his goods were confiscated by the Perfect State, and his sons were put to work in the collectivized abattoir, while his six daughters were given carrots to scrape and potatoes to peel in the collectivized soup kitchens. Children of the upper or workers' class, of course, were permitted, in the changed order of things, to participate in the more agreeable activities of the new regime. But the merchant's family, owing to the former position they had occupied, had become the permanent pariahs of the new community and found no one willing to associate with them except other out-

casts, like clergymen, lawyers, doctors, artists, scientists, professors, musicians and literary men and women, who were not permitted representation in the councils of the Collectivist Government, because, as everybody knows, they can do nothing but think, and thinking had come to be regarded as an anti-social act. Long and earnestly the Supreme Council of Trades and Industries had pondered what to do with these new vagrants. For although you could lead Nicholas, Murray Butler and James M. Beck to the Collectivist shipyards, as yet no way had been found to teach them how to become first class riveters, while Whitney Warren, Paul Chaffin and Louis Tiffany, put to work in the city bakeries, persisted in turning out loaves that looked like cathedrals and cookies resembling Egyptian amulets, which caused, inevitably, a terrible waste of flour.

While this grave problem was being debated by the City Sufferers, Beauty, the youngest of the merchant's daughters, was arrested and clapped into jail for sedition.

Brought to trial, Beauty faced her accusers fearlessly, and admitted her guilt.

"I repeat to you," she declared firmly, "what I say daily to my companions, that only the most stupid mind can believe that anything has been accomplished by establishing a new form of tyranny which affects every one in the place of an old form from which at least a few were able to escape."

"Death—Death to the Capitalist!" roared the incensed mob in the council room. As both judges and jurors long since had been abolished as relics of ancient injustice, this was all that was necessary to condemn Beauty to die and she was led away to a cell.

In the mean time, her father, hearing that one of his vessels confiscated by the Perfect State had found asylum in a port not yet affected by the new ideas, managed to escape from the city and started on foot to make his way in that direction to claim his property.

On one side of the road, looking down from the crest of a hill, Beauty perceived a stately castle at the end of a beautiful driveway "brought a lane of roses."

"I will take a rose for Beauty," he said. "She loves roses better than anything in the world."

So he went in and was about to gather a red rose when he was startled by a strange noise behind him.

Turning round, he saw a frightful beast which seemed to be very angry and said in a terrible voice:

"Who told you you might gather my roses? Your insolence shall not go unpunished!"

"Alas!" said the merchant. "I wanted only one rose to take to my daughter Beauty." And he related the story of his misfortune.

When the beast had heard him, he said: "I will forgive you on one condition. You must give me one of your daughters. Take her this ring and when she decides to come, tell her to turn it around on her finger and say, 'I wish to go to my palace and see my Beauty!'"

So the merchant returned to his home with a heavy heart.

He found Beauty still in prison and how her beautiful eyes sparkled when she saw the forbidden rose he had brought. Nor was she in the least downcast when she heard the story of his promise to the Beast.

"To tell you the truth, Dad, I'd marry ten Beasts to get out of this awful town."

So saying, Beauty turned the ring around on her finger and repeated: "I wish to go to my palace and see my Beauty." But when the Beast appeared, she trembled at the sight of him, though she made a great effort to hide her terror.

"Good evening, Beast," she said in a small, respectful voice.

"Are there any rules and regulations?" Beauty asked timidly. "Or may I speak my mind, wear what clothes I please, do my hair as I choose, and never hear the word brotherhood again?"

"You may say and do just as you like, Beauty," the Beast answered. Then as he got up to leave he added in his gruff voice: "Do you love me? Beauty? Will you marry me?"

## Fashion Gains a Lap on Winter at Last!

### N. Y. Women Really Wearing Clothes to Keep Warm!

Previous Lead of Only Half a Year Brought Furs in Summer, V-Necks and Cold Ankles in Winter

**Dr. Jeanette Throckmorton's Charge That Girl of To-Day Defies Pneumonia Doesn't Hit Miss 1919—in New York, Anyway—Although It Would Have Been Pat a Year Ago.**

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

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IS Miss 1919 flouting with the flit by not wearing enough clothing to keep her warm? Is she Hooverizing on her wardrobe to a point that endangers her health?

There was a lively discussion over this topic at a recent meeting of the American Public Health Association held in Chicago. One of the sharpest critics of the girl of to-day and her clothes was Dr. Jeanette Throckmorton of Charlton, Ia. Dr. Throckmorton asserted that this winter mothers are permitting their daughters to defy pneumonia and influenza with only a lavender for protection.

Now of course no New Yorker can pretend to dogmatize as to how girls in Charlton, Ia., or even in Chicago are dressing. It is not possible for me to deny categorically Dr. Throckmorton's assertions, although I submit the costume she describes seems to belong to the South Sea Islands—where climate and convention long ago prescribed a string of red berries as full dress—rather than to the physically and morally chilly Middle West.

In New York, however, it is only necessary to have a bout at the favorite outdoor sport—giving the "once-over" and the "up-and-down" to the various alluring specimens of femininity one meets—to disprove the periodical charge of the physicians that women's clothes break all the laws of hygiene. For there is nothing the least bit new about this doctrine from Dr. Throckmorton.

When the artist and a winter wind, I strolled up Fifth Avenue, with detours down the populous tea-room side-streets, we became convinced that the U. S. Navy womanman, the long cape reaching to her ankles, the trig sailor hat pulled well down over her head, and another girl had a khaki-colored reversible sport coat of sheepskin with minkskin cloth, which would have been ample protection for a trapper in icy New England country roads or a shepherd on the moors. And her leather puttees lent the final touch of defiance to winter and rough weather.

Not the soldiers and sailors alone have benefited from the knitting drive. All through New York one sees girls wearing bright knitted Tam o' Shanter pulled warmly over their ears, and around their necks the long knitted scarves such as little girls in the country used to wear to school a generation ago. The fashionable precisionist perhaps will tell you that even in 1919 such apparel belongs only to the skating pond, but young women whose days are filled with work instead of play are going to their official desks daily all snug and warm in the knitted paraphernalia of sport.

Even the new blouses are cut with high collars or with collars which can be buttoned up to the very chin. Many of us still are wearing the comfortable V-necks—our vocal chords apparently are less sensitive than those of strong men—but the trend of fashion is against us, and if we were 1919-up-to-the-minute our throats would be incased in chokers. Even the coat collar of a spring suit, which I saw at an advance showing the other day, was cut to the high water line of the ear lobes and edged with a narrow band of fur.

No, Miss 1919 is kissing a fond farewell to peek-a-boos, shadow gauze, afternoon décolletage, for this winter at any rate, and if you think she isn't you have been looking at some thrifty young soul wearing out last year's clothes. Evening frocks remain evening frocks, but surely even a doctor would not advise other apparel for the over-heated rooms in which they are worn. In the daytime, from her warmly crowned head to her warmly shod foot, Miss 1919 of New York goes to the head of the class in hygiene.

## Newest Things in Science

For out-of-door writers a desk that is strapped to one knee with an elastic band has been patented.

The machines ridden by Swiss Army motorcyclists are provided with skis for use over snow-covered roads.

A new electric illuminator for microscopes can be adjusted to give almost any desired contrast in light.

The smallest known rodent is the British harvest mouse, which weighs only half an ounce when full grown.

The time that a lock patented by a St. Paul inventor is locked or unlocked is recorded on a paper ribbon.

According to a British scientist, X-rays are the most extreme rays at the ultra-violet end of the spectrum.



THE WELL-CLAD GIRL OF TODAY



THE UNCLAD GIRL OF YESTERDAY

MONDAY, JANUARY 13, 1919

## A Dozen Roads to Success For the Girl Who Works

By Charlotte Wharton Ayers

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**NURSES—No. 9**

IF you would be Florence Nightingales who are burning with enthusiasm and earnest desire to become one of those picturesque angels of mercy in the fetching uniforms, who spend their lives ministering to suffering humanity—come on down out of the clouds for a moment and learn what an ambition of that sort means in work, patience, industry, application and stick-to-itiveness.

"It is not an easy road to success—this profession of nursing the sick, but the satisfaction of being able to give personal service of that particular kind, more than makes up for the self-sacrificing self-effacing effort it requires, and it is one of the greatest levels of false distinction in the world. The wealthy sick woman on her bed of pain is not even the equal of the blooming cheerful nurse who soothes her and eases her sufferings by her ministrations, and she knows it as truly as does the nurse."

In order to get the procedure of becoming a professional nurse simplified as nearly as possible for the GIRL WHO WORKS, I interviewed Miss M. J. Murdoch, Principal of the Margaret Palmer School of Nursing, in connection with the Post Graduate Hospital.

Miss Murdoch said: "To become a professional nurse requires the least expenditure of money of any profession I know. Any girl who desires to take the course has but to ask for an application blank from the hospital she wishes to join and fill it out according to instructions. She will then be fitted for entrance and taken according to her number and qualifications. It may be weeks or even months before she will receive her appointment, but it is reasonably sure if she has the education and other necessary qualifications. It she has NOT measured up in any respect she will be told so at once."

"There are many advantages," continued Miss Murdoch, "in going through the hospital training school for nurses. It gives a girl a professional education which she can use at any time and any place in the world, for the sick are always with us, you know, and the hospitals in nurses do not change much," she added with a twinkle.

"When a girl starts with us—and these same conditions prevail in most hospitals—we have a preliminary course of four months, which she spends almost entirely in the classroom, studying practical nursing, the theory of procedure in the care of the sick. When that is over she begins a course of three years in a training school. She has her room and meals and training given here. The only expense she is put to is for her personal expenses for pleasure, clothes and similar items."

"In return for this education we have given them help us in the hospital in caring for our patients, under the supervision of a large staff of graduate nurses, instructors and doctors. In that way they learn to apply what they have learned and get a practical experience of nursing."

"When a nurse has taken the full course and received her diploma," said Miss Murdoch, "she will be able to command a good salary anywhere. There is the institutional work, which brings from \$400 to \$1,000 a year, outside of all living expenses such as room and board and laundry, which are always furnished. Then there is the private duty which brings in at least \$25 a week and expenses. Besides there is always the possibility of extra work at 'extra' prices, such as traveling companion nurse and similar positions."

I asked Miss Murdoch what type of girls made the best nurses. It seemed to me that a profession which required so intimate an association with the sick, and which required so much of personal service, also required special personal attributes. She said:

"A girl's success as a nurse largely depends upon her personality, united to an optimistic disposition, vision and sincerity of purpose. You see, nursing the sick is one of the greatest gifts this life can offer. If taken in the right spirit, I know of no other profession which gives one a deeper, truer feeling of satisfaction than the thought that by personal service one can relieve suffering of both mind and body, as we do in the hospital. And a nurse who is absolutely sincere in her purpose and has, besides, a clear vision and an optimistic way of looking at life, as well as a hopeful spirit with which to combat the gloom and general discouragement of her patients, is invaluable to us, and the more we can get of that kind the better for everybody concerned," she added, as we shook hands on my departure.

What Every Woman Voter Ought to Know

NOW that women have power to vote, their men folk, on the strength of hundreds of years' start in the study of politics, are giving them lots of good advice. Among their valuable hints are the following:

Beware of Bowditch! They'll borrow anybody's seal-skin coat at the point of the pistol.

Never vote for a candidate who parts his hair in the middle. He is obviously unable to take one side or the other.

If your candidate asks you to give him a mandate, ask him: "What about a womanate?"

If you attend a political meeting as a heckler, heckle the speaker the same way as you would your husband. That'll get him all tied up.

Better try horseback riding for that double chin!

"He makes me so darn sore I grab a doughnut and try to ring him with it. Wasn't he the fresh thing, though?"

"He was rather forward, I should say," replied the Friendly Patron.

"Indeed he was. Imagine me riding horseback to reduce my weight! Gee, I could do that easier by kicking the stool he says to me!"

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